

HERE. GIVE ME YOUR  
HAND AND I'LL  
GIVE YOU A LIFT.

THANKS.

SURE.

RECENTLY, THROUGH A BOY NAMED  
VIRGIL, I FIGURED OUT THE WAY  
TO GET OUT OF HELL.

YOU MEAN REALIZING WHAT  
YOU DID TO GET HERE AND  
THEN ASKING THE BIG GUY TO  
FORGIVE YOU?

YOU KNEW...?

FEALT AND I  
FIGURED IT OUT  
OVER CEREAL ONE  
MORNING.

WHY  
HAVEN'T YOU  
GONE?

FOR EXAMPLE, WE ALSO  
FIGURED OUT HOW TO  
GET A CERTAIN PANDA  
AWAY FROM "BLUEBEARD  
THE MEGACOCK".

WELL,  
BECAUSE YOU  
STILL NEED ME.

HUH?

How....?

I'LL TELL YOU ON  
THE WAY UP





THIS HAD BETTER BE GOOD, BROTHER. I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR ANY SHIT.



TOMORROW IS FRIDAY.



I'VE COME FOR ARLOEST



NO. SHE AND I HAD A DEAL ...OR HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN?



IF YOU STILL CARE ABOUT THE RULES, THEN YOU KNOW SHE'S MINE

SHIT. YOU REALLY THOUGHT YOU COULD COWBOY ON UP AND DEMAND HER AND I'D CAVE?



I DIDN'T FORGET THE RULES, DRIP. YOU DID. BREAKING THEM TO LET ARLOEST LIVE AGAIN INVALIDATES YOUR DEAL.



SO? I'D STILL LIKE TO SEE YOU TAKE HER FROM ME.

NO.



I'LL BE COMING BACK...

... WITH ANGELS.





FARRAGO, RECKONIN, OVER  
HERE.



THANK YOU  
FOR COMING  
FOR THIS.



IT'S GOOD TO  
SEE YOU AGAIN,  
JACK...



AND YOU,  
HOW ARE  
THOSE WINGS  
OF YOURS?

PERFECT. I LOVE  
THEM.



ANY NEWS  
ABOUT  
VIRGIL?



HE'S IN HIGH SCHOOL  
AGAIN AND FINE.  
HE WANTS TO BE A  
COP.



I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU, BUT  
IT WAS GOOD OF YOU TO COME  
AS WELL, RECKONIN.



CENTRAL'S IDEA. SHE'D  
BE HERE HERSELF, BUT  
SHE'S STILL RECOVERING  
FROM HER RUN-IN WITH  
THE GLUTTONYS.



IT WAS ALSO HER IDEA  
TO LET YOU BORROW THESE.



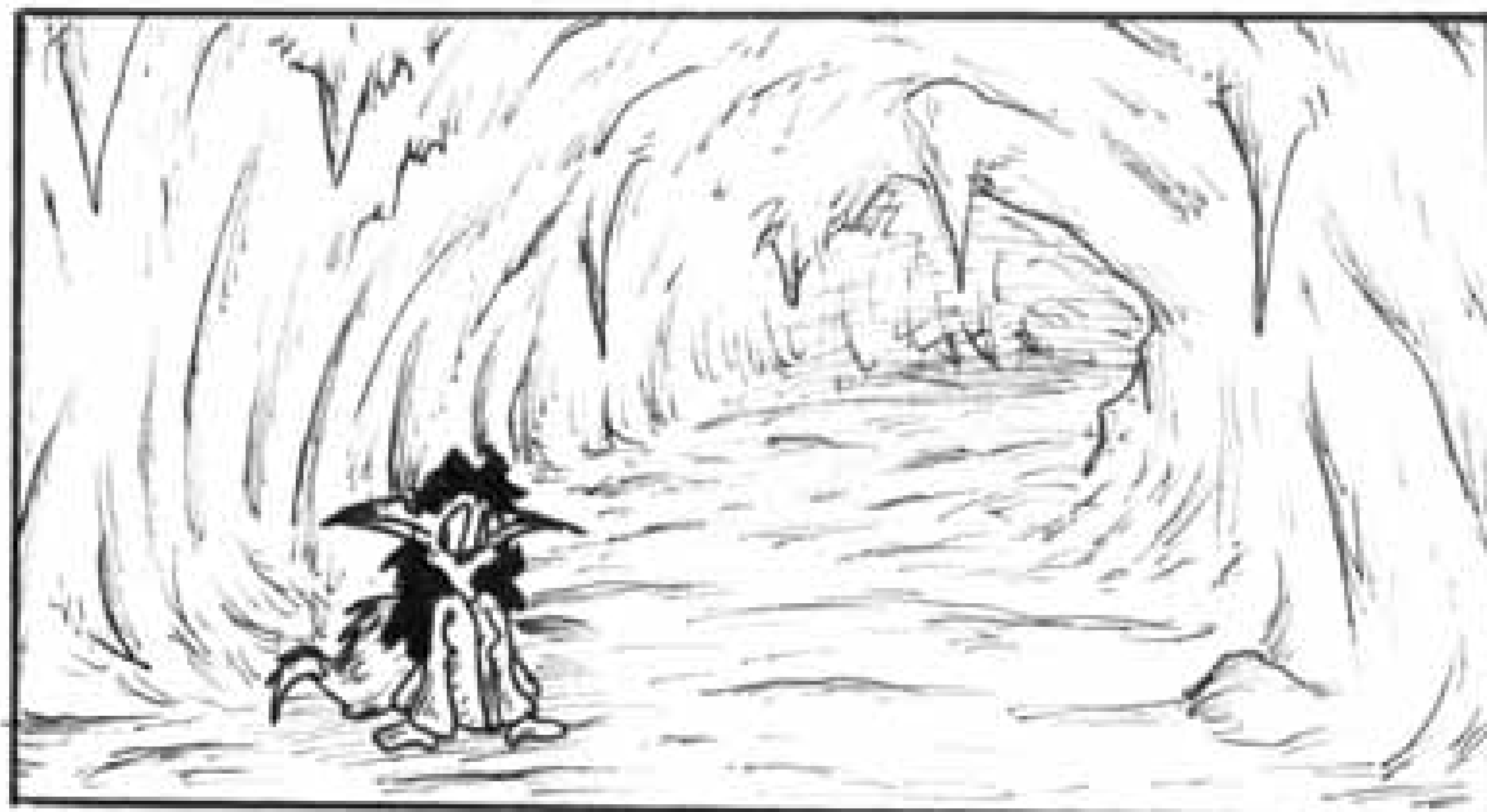
THANK HER  
FOR ME...



WITH ANY LUCK AT ALL, DRIP WILL GIVE ME  
A REASON TO USE THEM.



THEN LET'S  
GO.



DRIP!



JACK?!



JINK. WHERE  
IS HE?

HE LEFT AND HE TOOK  
THAT PANDA GIRL WITH  
HIM!



YOU KNOW HIM BETTER THAN WE DO,  
JACK, WHERE DO WE LOOK  
FIRST?



WE DON'T NEED TO  
LOOK. SLOTH WILL  
KNOW WHERE HE WENT.



THE CONTACT POINT FOR SLOTH IS A TREE  
IN THE MIDDLE OF SIR ERIC'S FOG.



SOMEHOW SLOTH BEING A TREE  
ISN'T VERY FITTING...

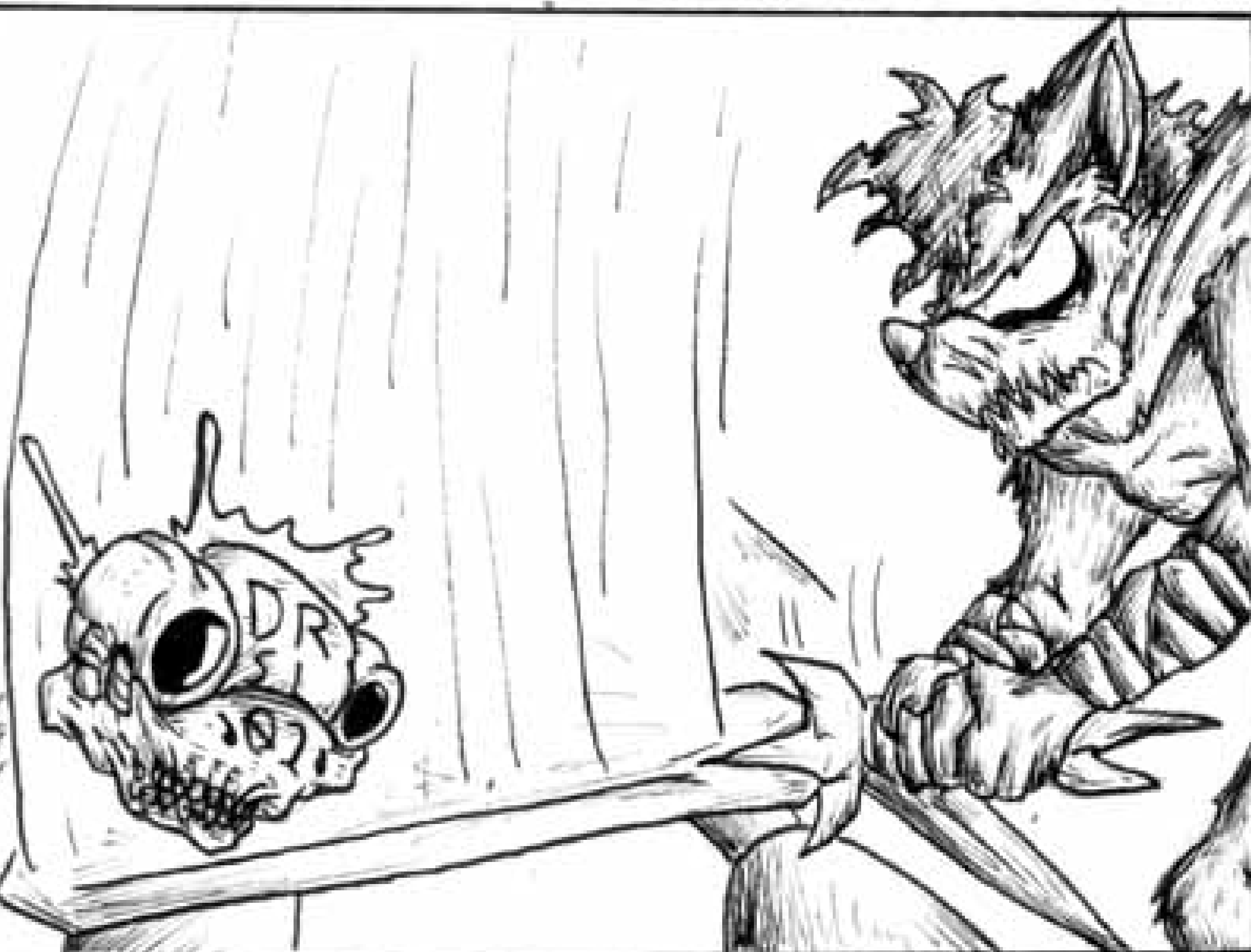


SLOTH ISN'T THE TREE. THE TREE IS JUST  
THE HUB OF COMMUNICATION.



SIR ERIC?

FARRAGO.







WE WON'T BE IN YOUR  
WOODS LONG, SIR  
ERIC

ITS ALL RIGHT, JACK,  
ERIC AND I KNOW EACH  
OTHER FROM LIFE.



RECKONIN AND I WILL FIND SLOTH  
AND TELL YOU WHEN WE'RE  
READY TO LEAVE.

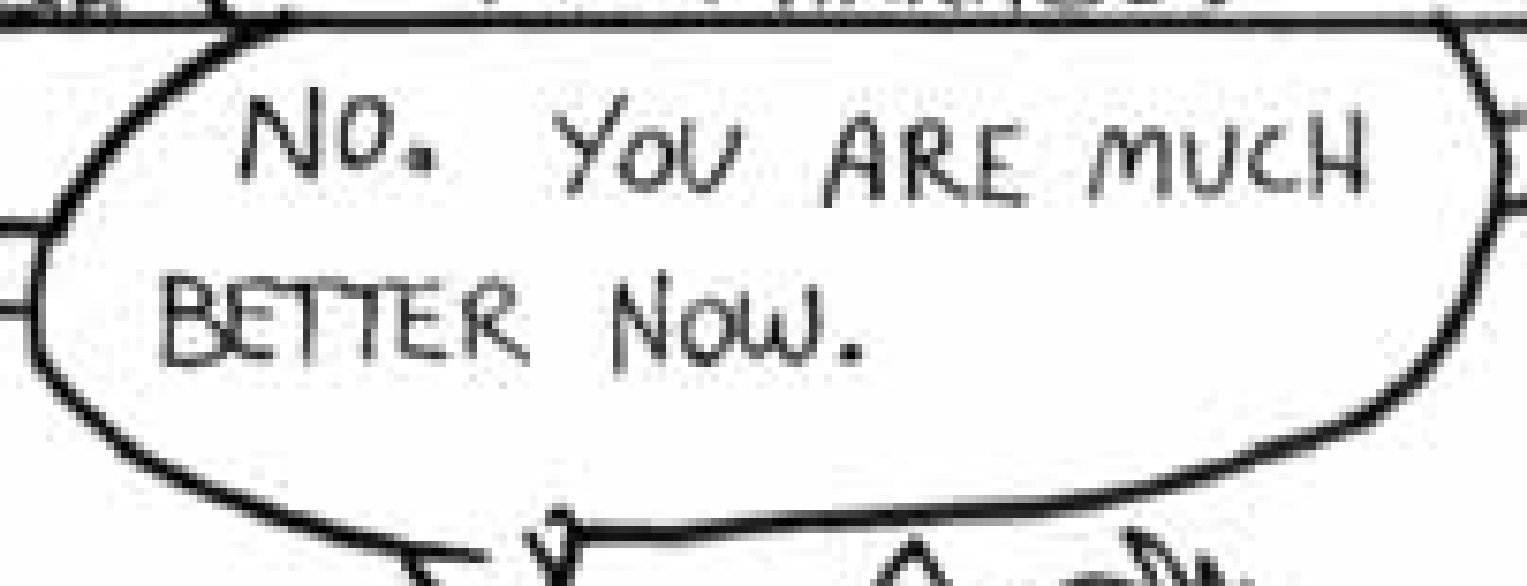


ARE YOU ALL  
RIGHT THESE  
DAYS, SIR ERIC?

IIII'M SURVIVING  
FFFFARRAGO.



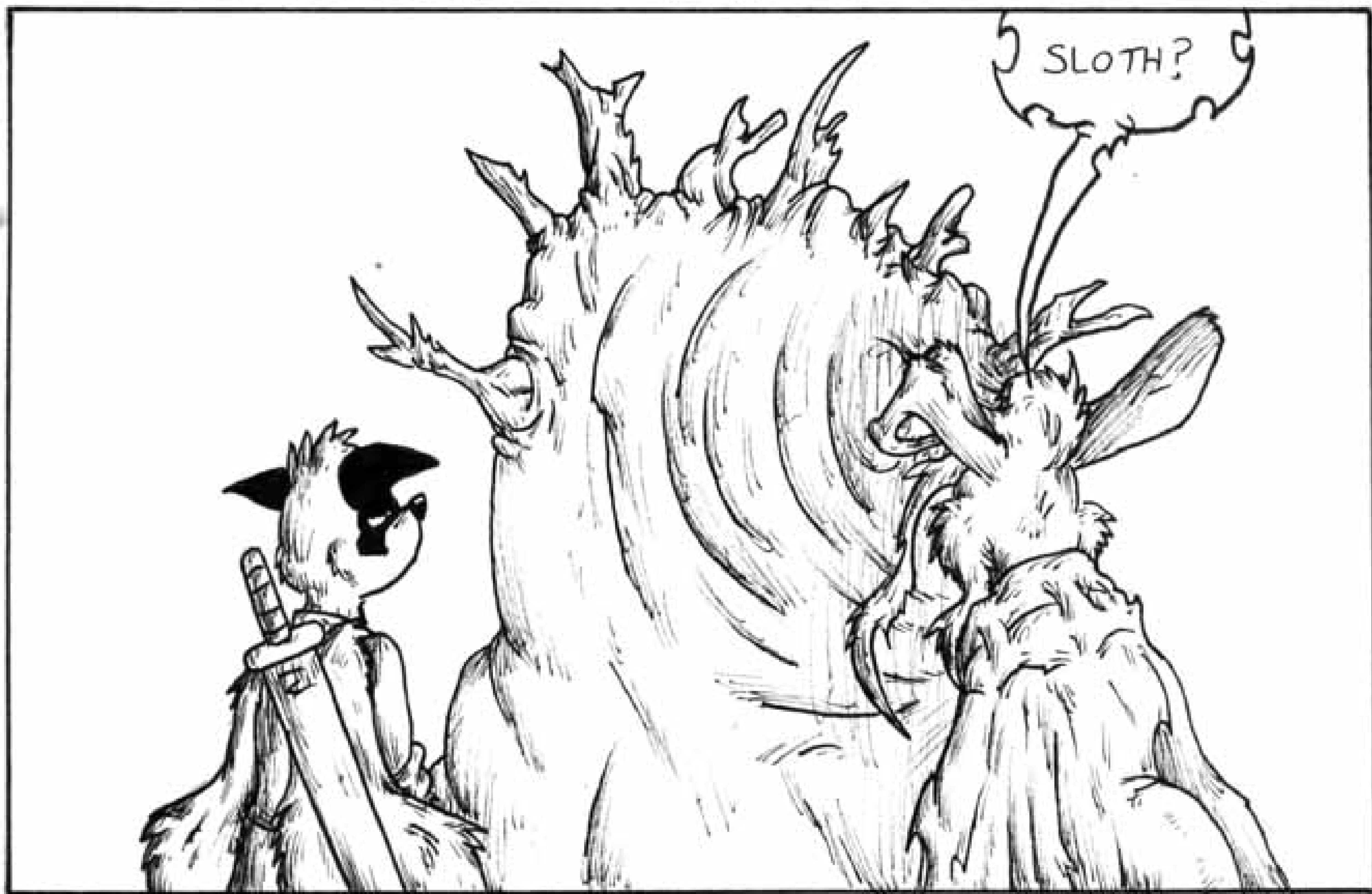
IIIIIS THIS WHAT  
YOU SAW WHEN WE FLEW  
OVER MY HELL?



NO. YOU ARE MUCH  
BETTER NOW.



IIII AM  
READY TO  
RRRRRETURN? BUT  
I AM NNNOT  
READY TO FORGIVE  
MYSELF



NNNNNN NHHH  
GO AWAY....



WHERE IS BROTHER  
LUST RIGHT NOW?



MMNH... QUIET. YOU'RE  
TOO LOUD. GO AWAY AND  
LET ME REST.



RECKONIN? TAKE YOUR SWORD  
AND PLUNGE IT INTO THE  
GROUND AS FAR AS YOU  
CAN. TRUST ME.



YRAAAAAA!!



STOP!  
STOP!



SLOTH IS THE VERY GROUND  
OF HELL ITSELF. HE FEELS  
EVERY FOOTSTEP AND MAY  
NEVER REST.

I'LL DO IT AGAIN, SLOTH,  
UNLESS YOU TELL US WHERE  
THE DEMON LUST IS.



MNHH..... HE'S WITH THAT  
PANDA BITCH.....



.....IN HIS VALLEY.  
NOW, FOR FUCK'S SAKE,  
**GO AWAY!!**



...THAT'S  
WHAT I WAS  
AFRAID OF.

THE "VALLEY" IS FORMED ENTIRELY OF SOULS  
GUILTY OF THE SIN OF LUST. THE LUSTOIDS,  
HE CALLS THEM.



THEIR BODIES HAVE FUSED TOGETHER  
IN AN ENDLESS UNWILLING ORGY OF  
FLESH...



AND IT IS HERE THAT THEY  
RESIDE.



WHERE WOULD DRIP BE  
IN THIS MESS OF  
FLESH...?



THERE. IN THAT DOME  
WHERE THE ENTRANCE IS  
BLOCKED BY BODIES.



WE CAN'T FLY THERE  
WITHOUT BEING SURROUNDED  
WHEN WE LAND, THOUGH.

THEN WE  
WON'T. WE'LL  
GO THROUGH.



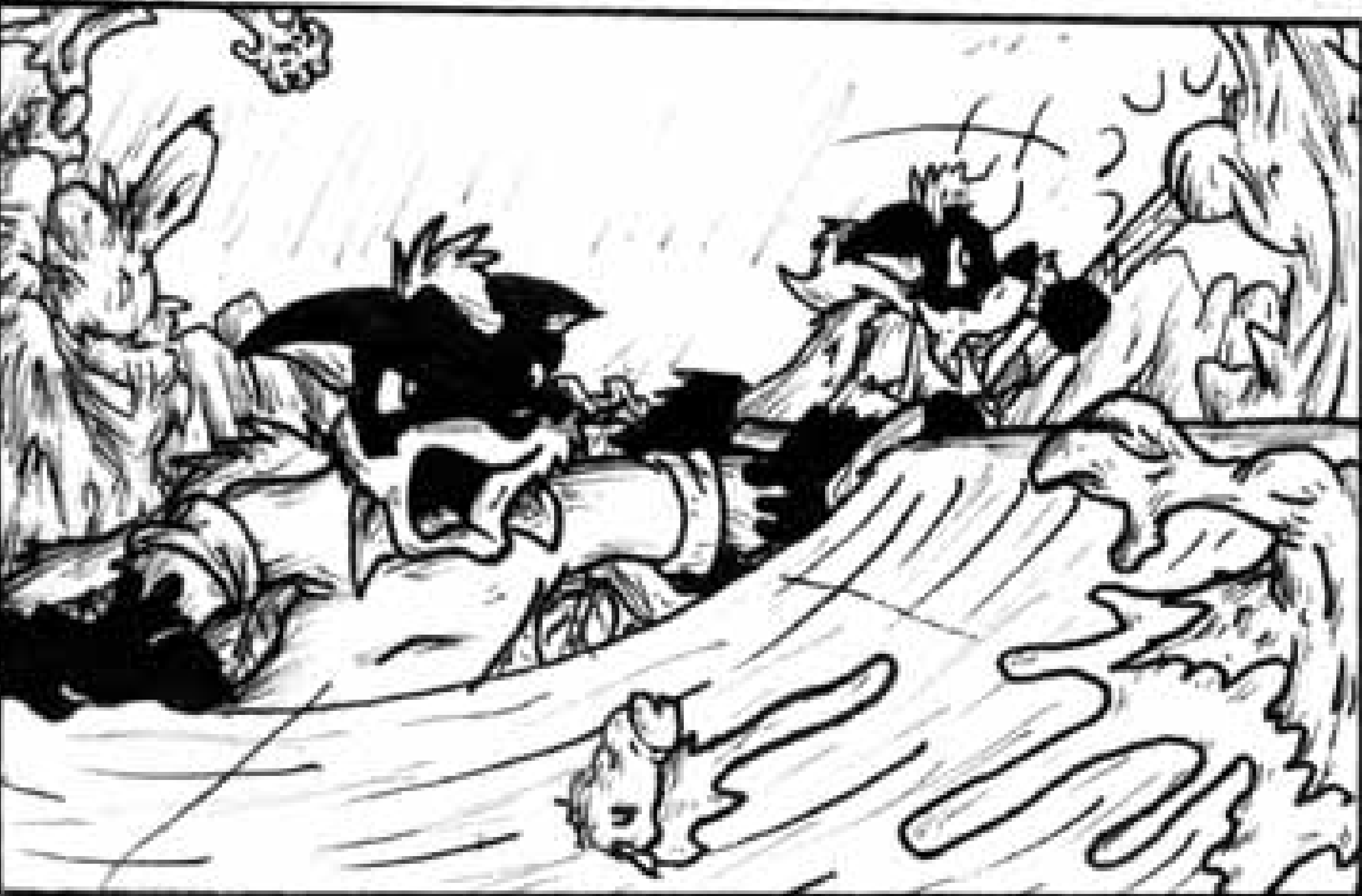
THROUGH? RECKONIN, THEY'RE  
SOULS, NOT WHEAT.

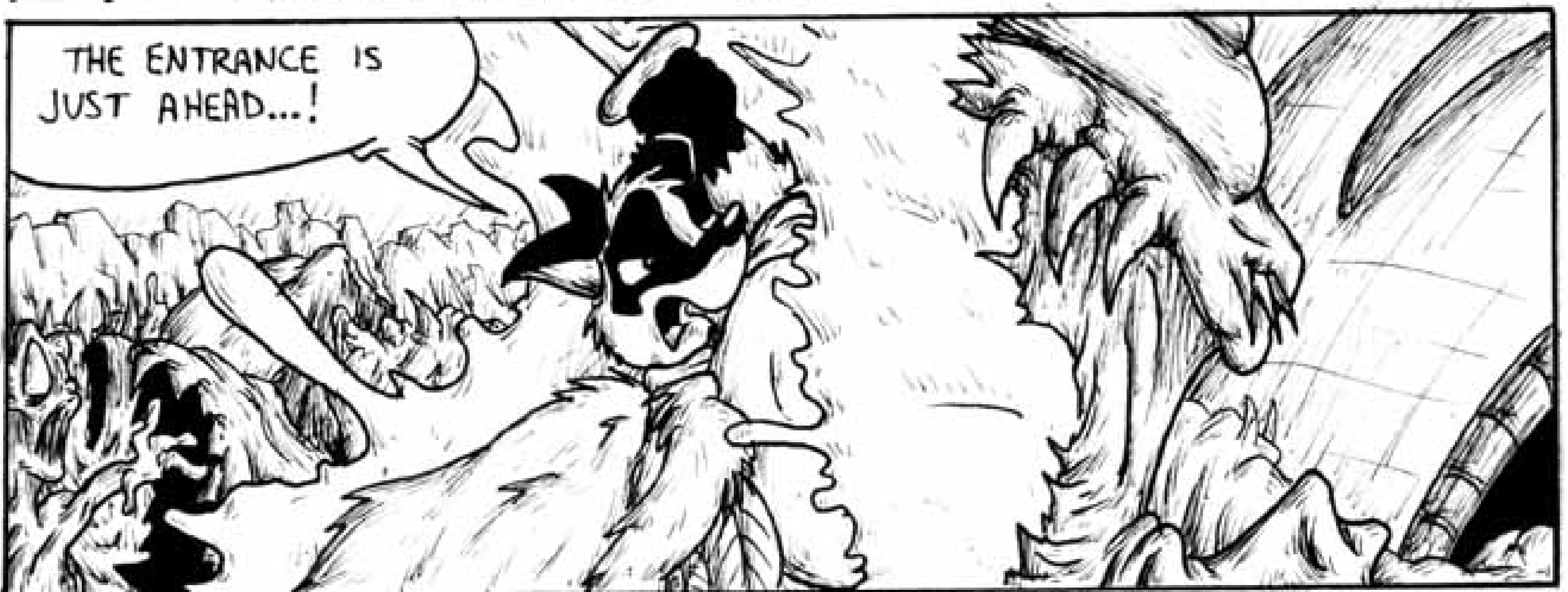


I ASSURE YOU, FARRAGO, THAT  
THESE SOULS ARE FAR FROM BEING  
AMIALE SORTS. NOT ALL WHO COME  
HERE ARE QUITE AS EAGER TO BE  
REDEEMED AS SOME AND WE MUST  
GET THROUGH.









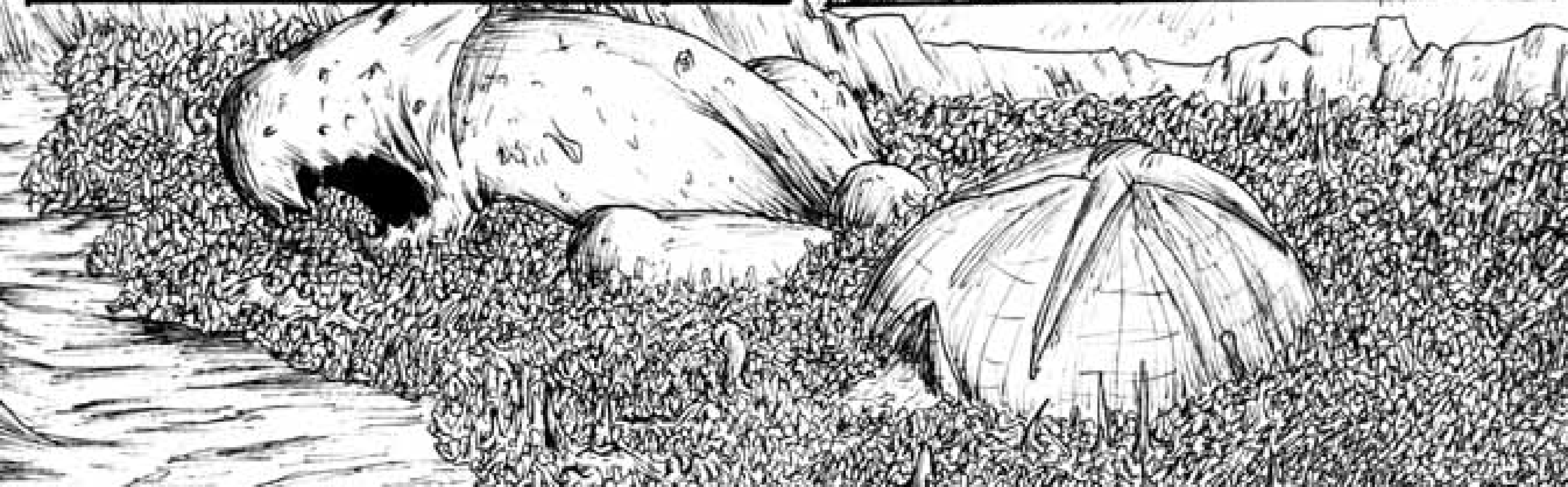
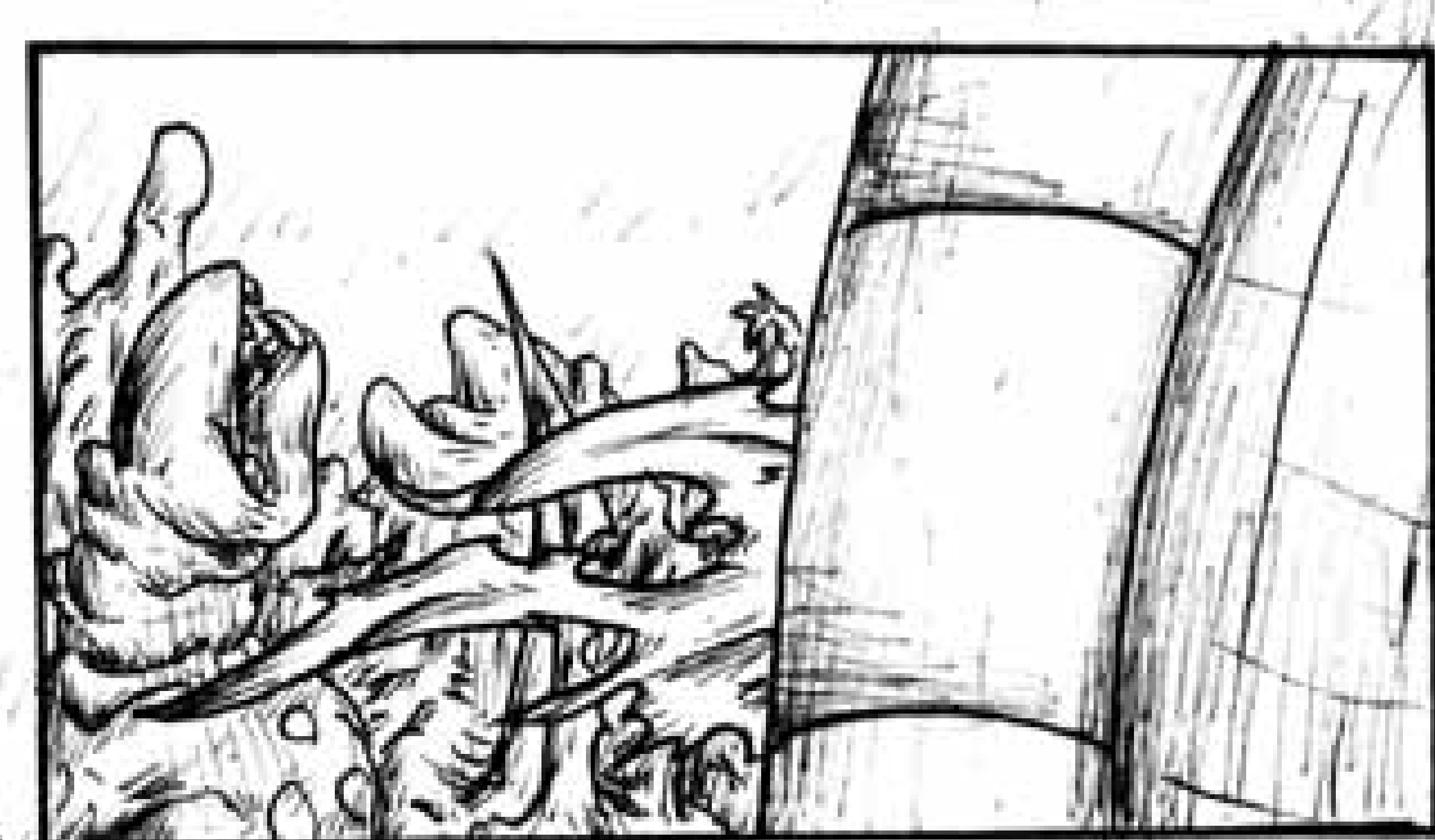


RECKONIN!



I'VE GOT IT! COME  
ON!















OH, FARRAGO, I'VE  
MISSED YOU.

WELL...?

STILL TOO WARM DOWN  
HERE FOR YOUR LIKING?

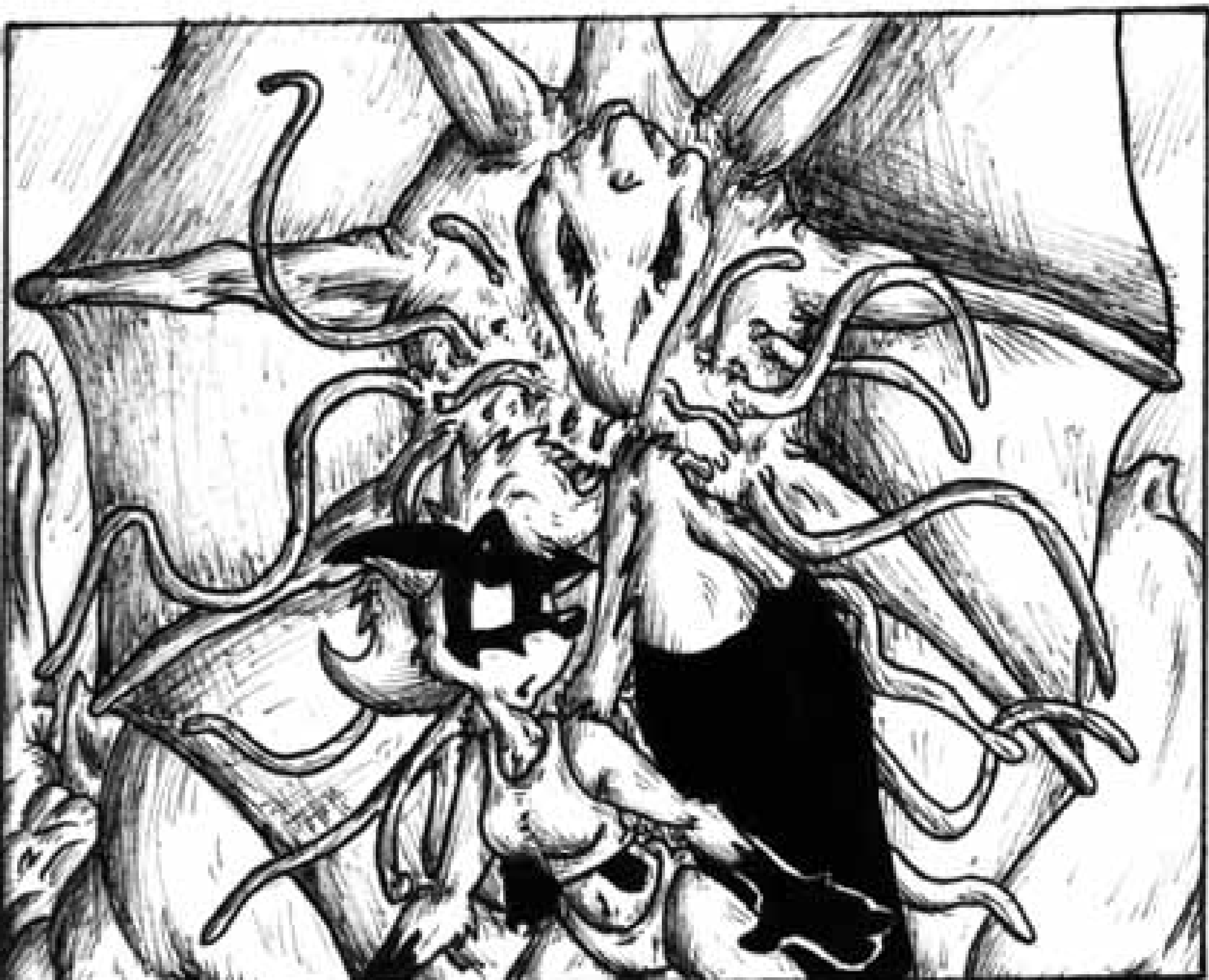
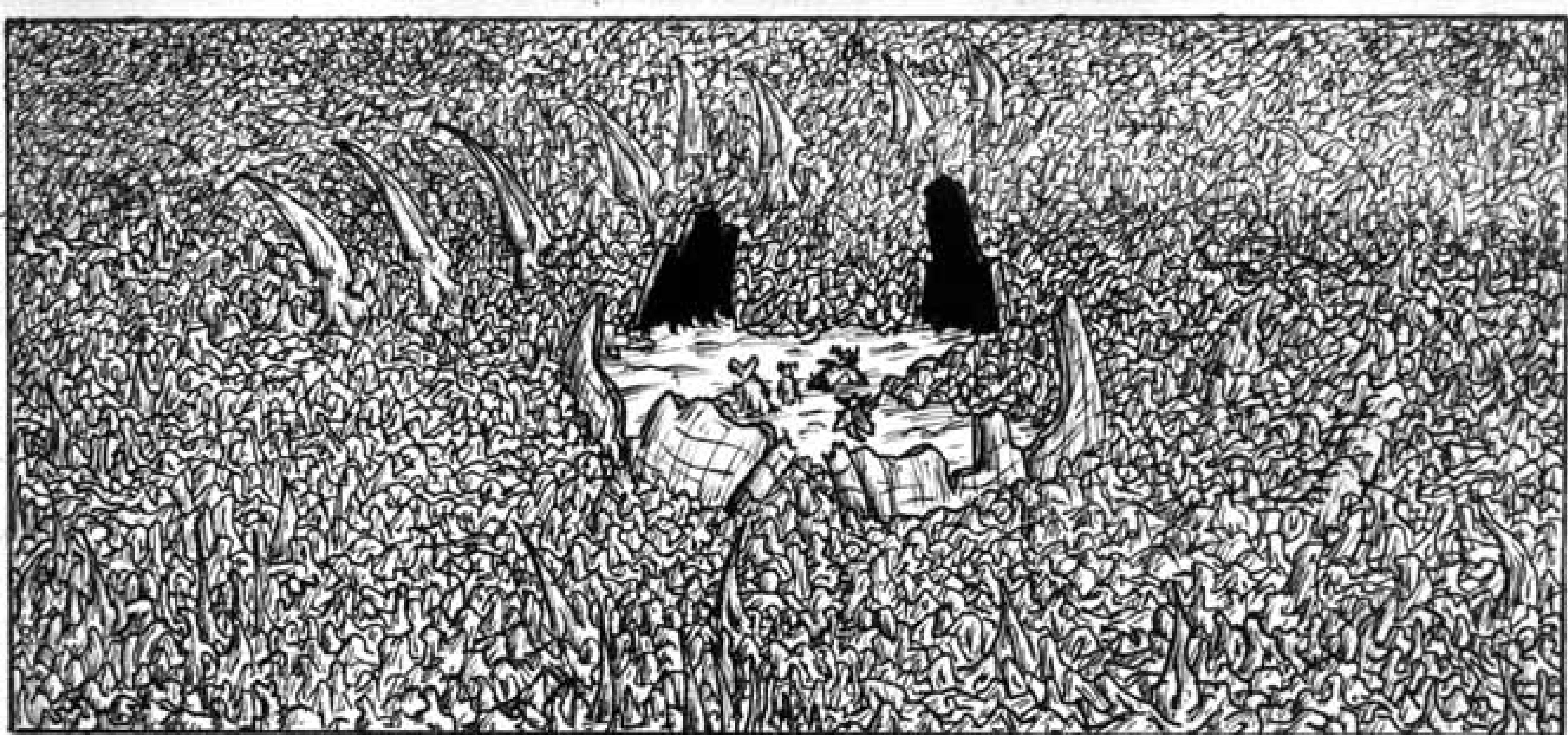














RECKONIN! FARRAGO!



I'M - ARRAGH!G



WATCH WHAT HAPPENS  
NOW, "BROTHER"



I'LL LET  
THE LUSTOIDS  
KEEP AND PLAY  
WITH THAT ONE



I'LL KEEP BOTH OF THEM MYSELF. I'LL EVEN  
RIP THAT ANGEL BITCH'S WINGS OFF...

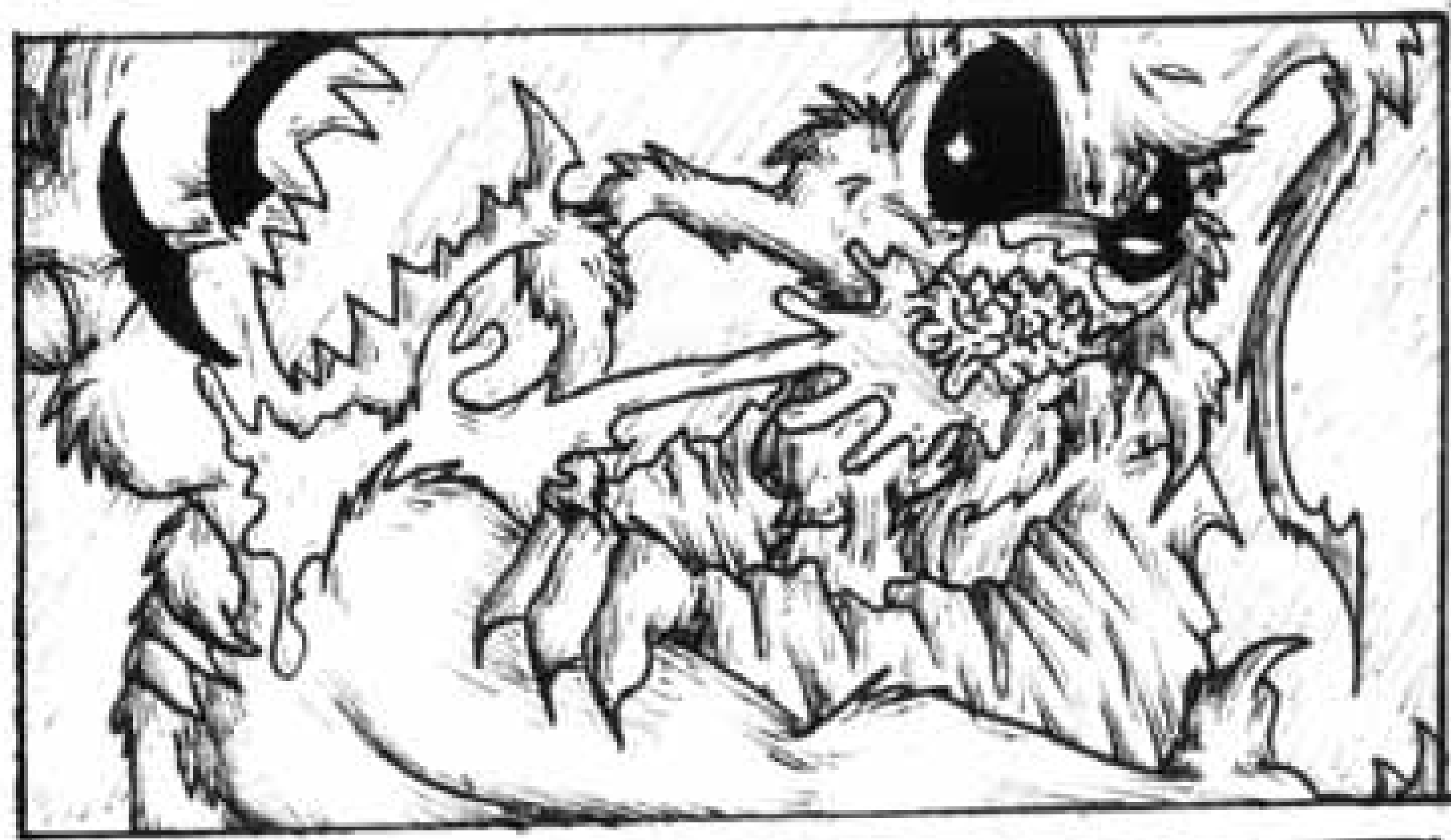
**AGAIN!**

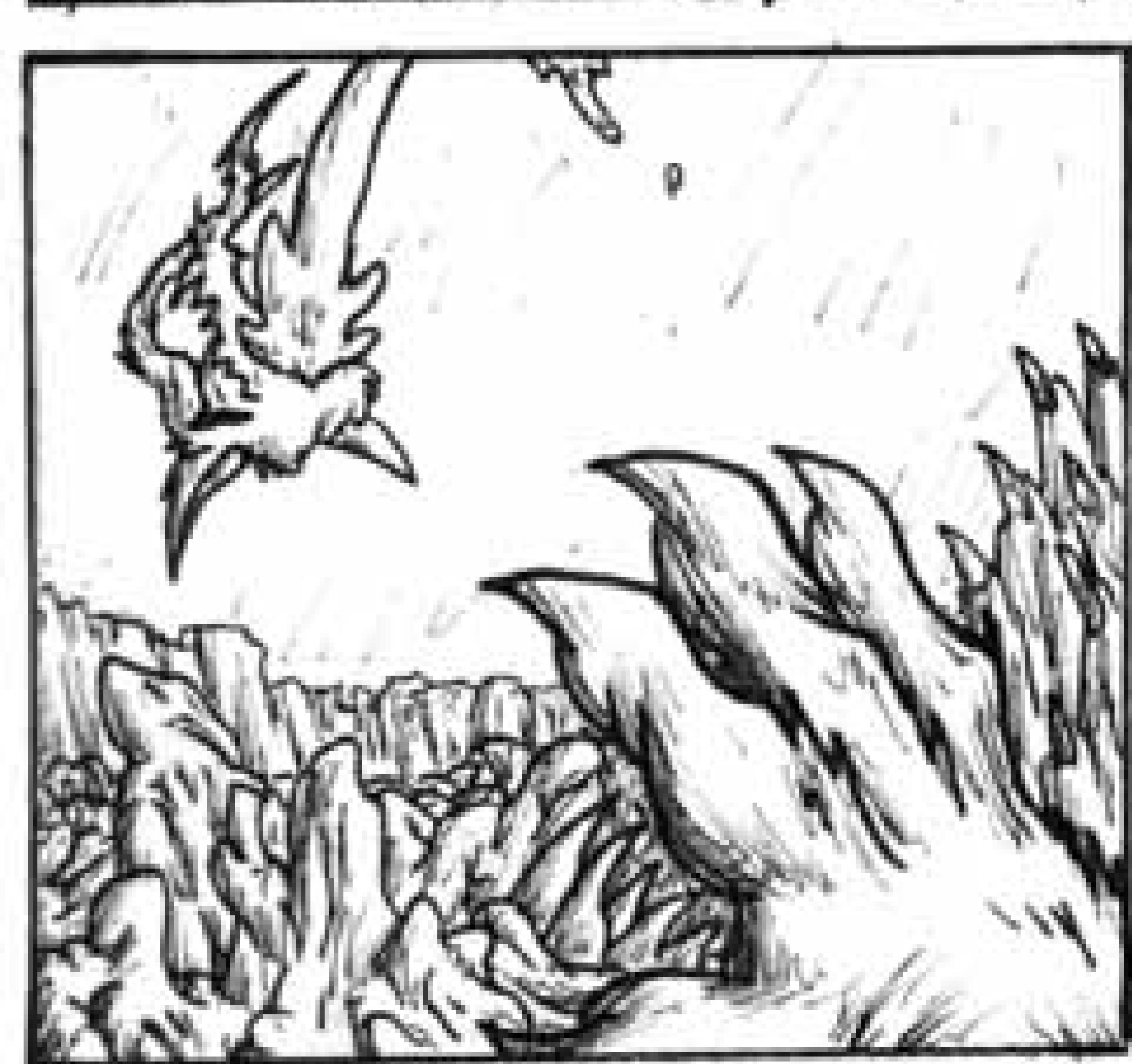


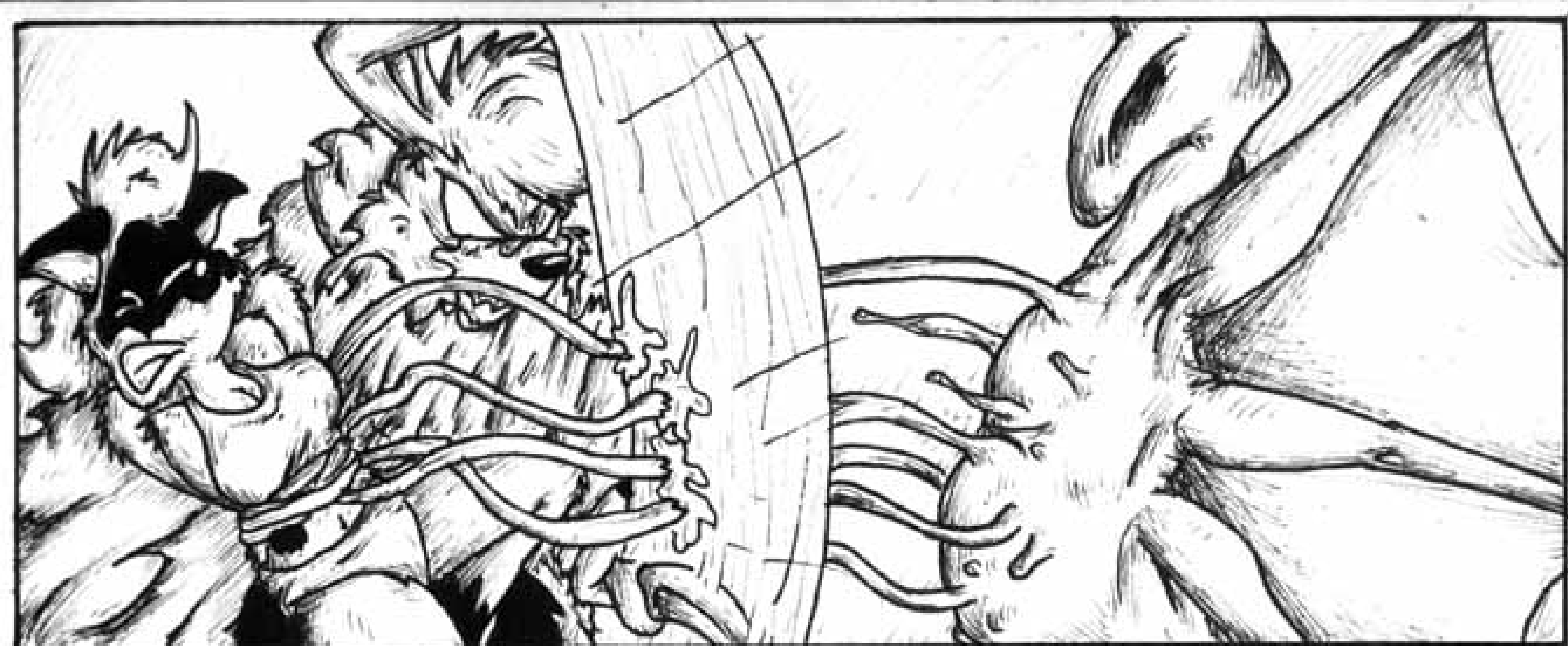
BUT FIRST..... I'M GOING TO  
BITE YOUR FUCKING  
HEAD OFF!!

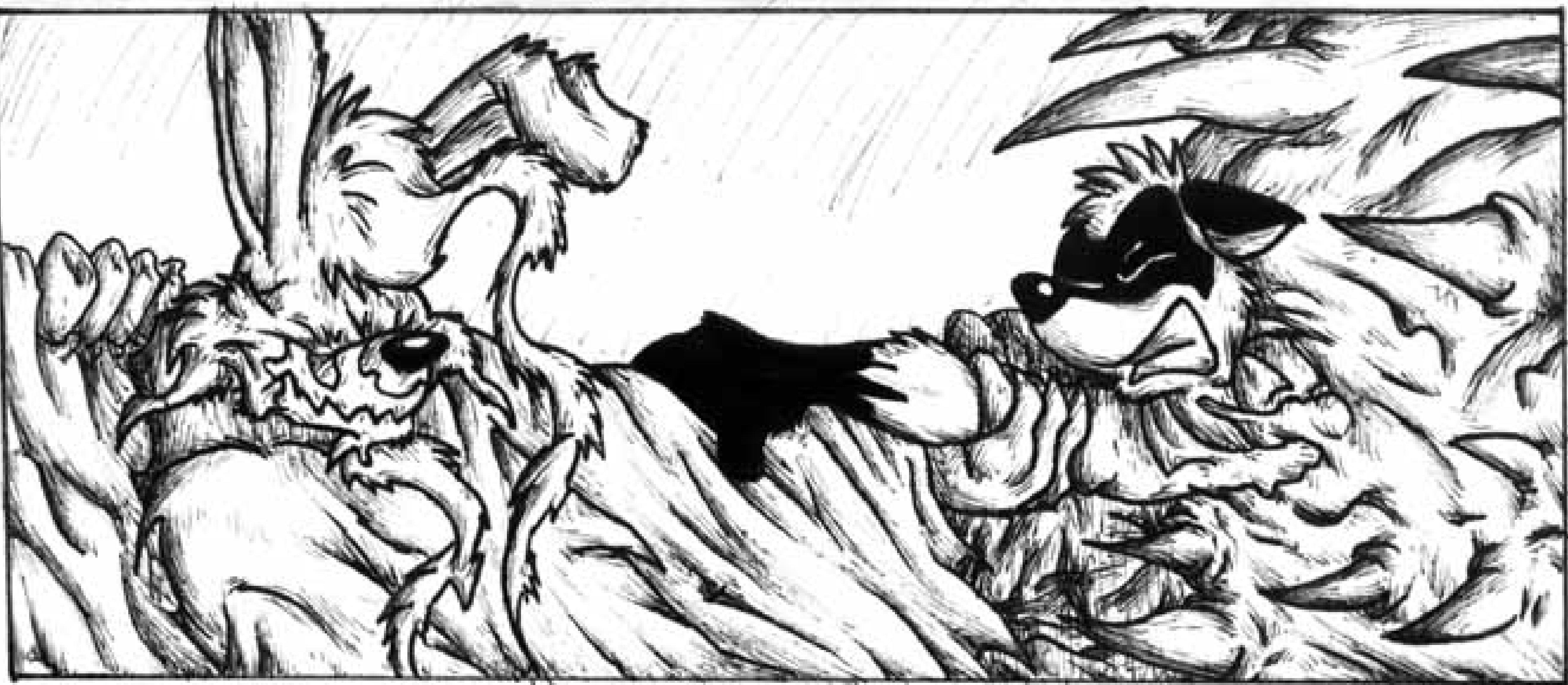














FARRAGO?

OVER HERE,  
JACK.

WHERE IS  
ARLOEST?

GONE. SHE'S BACK  
ON EARTH

ALREADY...?

WITH DRIP'S HOLD ON HER  
GONE, THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT  
KEEPING HER HERE. SHE  
ATONED AWHILE AGO  
AND WANTS  
TO SEE  
HER FRIENDS

GOOD. SHE DIDN'T  
DESERVE TO BE HERE.  
I'M GLAD SHE'LL GET  
A NEW START.

JACK...? WHAT HAPPENED  
TO YOU BACK THERE...?  
YOUR EYES WERE--

I DON'T KNOW. I'VE  
NEVER KNOWN THAT KIND  
OF RAGE. NOT THAT I  
RECALL. LISTENING TO HIM  
GOING ON ABOUT YOUR  
WINGS JUST.... I GOT SO  
ANGRY....!!

YOU NEED TO BE CAREFUL,  
JACK. THE MORE YOU LEARN  
ABOUT WHO YOU WERE, THE  
MORE ITS GOING TO CHANGE  
YOU.

BEFORE YOU CAN ATONE,  
YOU NEED TO KNOW WHAT IT  
IS EXACTLY THAT YOU'RE  
ASKING FORGIVENESS FOR.  
AND KEEP THE OLD YOU IN  
CHECK AT THE SAME TIME.





I'LL DO MY BEST  
NOT TO BETRAY YOUR  
FAITH IN ME, I PROMISE  
YOU.



I DON'T SUPPOSE I COULD  
BOTHER YOU TO RETURN THESE  
TO CENTRAL FOR ME? I'M  
AFRAID ONE OF THE BLADES GOT  
KNICKED WHEN I CASTRATED  
DRIP.

I'M  
SURE  
SHE  
WON'T  
MIND



GOODBYE, JACK. I'LL SEE  
YOU AGAIN SOON.



SHE WAS MINE.



SHE BELONGED TO ME.



SHE BELONGS TO  
HERSELF, DRIP.

YOU WARNED ME THAT YOU WERE  
GOING TO USE THE ANGELS TO TAKE  
WHAT WAS MINE, SO NOW I'LL WARN  
YOU...



I.... I WILL HURT YOU, BROTHER.  
VERY SOON, I WILL HURT YOU.



I'LL  
HURT  
YOU...



...AND IT  
WILL HURT  
WORSE THAN ANY  
PAIN YOU'VE  
EVER FELT  
BEFORE.

TTFN 04/28/05

06:48  
PST

